





# The BALL of FIRE

## by GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER and LILLIAN CHESTER

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### SYNOPSIS.

At a vestry meeting of the Market Square church, Gall Sargent, pastor, discusses with the board of trustees the sale of the church to the United States Cereal company. Allison, local treasurer, and when asked her opinion of the church by Rev. Smith Boyd, she says it is apparently a lucrative business enterprise. Allison takes Gall riding in his motor car. When he suggests he is entitled to rest on the laurels of his achievements, she asks the disturbing question: "Why?" Gall, returning to his Uncle Jim's home from her drive with Allison, finds cold disapproval in the eyes of Rev. Smith Boyd, who is calling there. At a boisterous party Gall finds the world tells Jim Sargent that his new ambition is to conquer the world. Allison starts a campaign for consolidation and control of the entire transportation system of the world. Gall becomes popular. Allison arranges to absorb the Vedder court church, and Gall, who is the Vedder court church, tells him that the cathedral Market Square church proposes to build will be out of profits wrung from the attraction for the men of her aunt's social set.

### CHAPTER X—Continued.

Allison went over to his wall map, with a step in which there was the spring of a boy. A. L. Vance of the United States Supplies company, which controlled beef, sugar and practically all other food products, except those mighty necessities under the ways of the Standard Cereal company and Eldridge Babbitt's National Dairy Products consolidation, studied the buoyant Allison with a puzzled expression. He had seen Allison grow to care-burdened manhood, and suddenly Ed seemed twenty years younger. Only Eldridge Babbitt knew the secret of this miraculous rejuvenescence. Babbitt had married late in life; a beautiful young woman!

"The key to the north and south situation is here," said Allison, and he drew a firm, swift, green line down across the United States, branching at each end. "George Dalrymple will be here in half an hour, and by that time I trust we may come to some agreement."

"It depends on what you want," boomed Arthur Grandin, who, sitting beside the immense Haverman, looked as if that giant had shrunk him by his mere proximity.

"Freight, to begin with," stated Allison, resuming his place at the head of the table, but not his seat. "You gentlemen represent the largest freightage interests in the United States. You all know your relative products completely. I wish to enumerate them. Babbitt's National Dairy Products consolidation can swing the shipment of every ounce of butter, cream, cheese, eggs and poultry handled in this country. Clark's Standard Cereal company, wheat, corn, oats, rice, barley, malt, flour, every ounce of breadstuffs or cereal goods, grown on American soil; Haverman, the Amalgamated Metals Constructive company, every pound of iron, lead and copper, and every ton of ore, from the moment it leaves the mine until it appears as an iron web in a city sky or spans a river; Grandin, the Union Fuel company, coal and wood, from Alaska to Pennsylvania, with oil and all its enormous by-products; Taylor, the American Textiles company, wool, cotton, flax, the raw and finished material of every thread of clothing we wear, or any other textile fabric we use except silk; Vance, the United States Supplies company, meat, sugar, fruit, the main blood and sinew builders of the country. Gentle men, give me the freightage controlled by your six companies, and I'll toss the rest of the country's freightage to a beggar."

"You forgot Chisholm," Babbitt reminded him, and Banker Chisholm's white mutton-chops turned pink from the appreciation which glowed in his ruddy-veined face.

"Allison was quite right," returned Clark of the Standard Cereal company. "The freightage income on money is an item scarcely worth considering."

"Give the Atlantic-Pacific this freight, and, inside of two years, the entire business of the United States, with all its ramifications, will be merged in one management, and that management ours. We shall not need to absorb, nor purchase, a single railroad until it is bankrupt."

"Sensible idea, Allison," approved Clark of the Standard Cereal company. "It's a logical proposition which I had in mind years ago."

"Allison's stroke of genius, it seems to me, consists in getting us together," smiled Haverman, hanging his arm over the back of his chair.

Banker Chisholm leaned forward on the table, and stroked his round chin reflectively. "There would be some disorganization, and perhaps financial disorder, in the first two years," he considered; "but the railroads are already harassed too much by the government to thrive under competition, and, in the end, I believe this proposed centralization would be the best thing for the interests of the country."

Where Chisholm displayed that he was a vestryman of Market Square church wherever he went.

"What is your proposition?" asked Grandin, who, because of the self-assertion necessitated by his disavowal of the pompous, but was not No

pompous man could have merged the wood, coal and oil interests, and, having merged them, swung them over his own shoulder.

Allison's answer consisted of one word.

"Consolidation," he said. There was a moment of silence, while these men absorbed that simple idea, and glanced speculatively, not at Allison, but at each other. They were kings, these heads of mighty corporations, whose emissaries carried their sovereignty to the farthest corners of the earth. Like friendly kings, they had helped each other in the protection of their several domains; but this was another matter.

"That's a large proposition, Ed," stated Vance, very thoughtfully. All sense of levity had gone from this meeting. They had come, as they thought, to promote a large mutual interest, but not to weld a Frankenstein. "I did not understand your project to be so comprehensive. I fancied your idea to be that the various companies represented here, with Chisholm as financial controller, should take a mutual interest in the support of the Atlantic-Pacific, for the purpose of consolidating the railroad interests of the country under one management, thereby serving our own transportation needs."

"Very well put, Vance," approved Taylor, smoothing his pointed mustache.

"That is a mere logical development of the railroad situation," returned Allison. "If I had not cemented this direct route, someone would have made the consolidation you mention within ten years, for the entire railroad situation has been disorganized since the death of three big men in that field; and the scattered holdings would be, and are, an easy prey for anyone vitally interested enough to invade the industry. I have no such minor proposition in mind. I propose, with the Atlantic-Pacific as a nucleus, to, first, as I have said, bring the financial terminals of every mile of railroad in the United States into one central office. With this I then propose to combine the National Dairy Products consolidation, the Standard Cereal company, the Amalgamated Metals Constructive company, the Union Fuel, American Textiles, the United States Supplies, and the stupendous financial interests swayed by the banks tributary to the Majestic Trust company. I propose to weld these gigantic concerns into one corporation, which shall be the mightiest organization the world has ever known. Beginning with the control of transportation, it will control all food, all apparel, all construction materials, all fuel. From the shoes on his feet to the roof over his head, every man in the United States of America, from laborer to president, shall pay tribute to the International Transportation company. Gentlemen, if I have dreamed big, it is because I have dealt with men who deal only in large dreams. What I propose is an empire greater than that ever swayed by any monarch in history. We eight men, who are here in this room, can build that empire with a scratch of a pen, and can hold it against the assaults of the world!"

His voice rang as he finished, and Babbitt looked at him in wonder. Allison had always been a strong man, but now, in this second youth, he was an Antaeus springing fresh from the earth. There was a moment's lull, and then a nasal voice drawled into the silence.

"Allison," it was the voice of old Joseph G. Clark, who had built the Standard Cereal company out of one wheat elevator; "who is to be the monarch of your new empire?"

For just a moment Allison looked about him. Vastly different as these men were, from the full-bearded Haverman to the smooth-shaven old Joseph G. Clark, there was some one expression which was the same in every man, and that expression was mastery. These men, by the sheer force of their personality, by the sheer dominance of their wills, by the sheer virility of their purposes, by the sheer dogged persistence which balks at no obstacle and hesitates at no foe, had fought and strangled and throttled their way to the top, until they stood head and shoulders above all the strong men of their respective domains, safe from protest or dispute of sovereignty, because none has risen strong enough to do them battle. They were the undefeated champions of their classes, and the life of every man in that group was an epic! Who was to be monarch of the new empire? Allison answered that question as simply as he had the others.

"The best man," he said.

"There had been seven big men in America. Now there were eight. They all recognized that."

"Of course," went on Allison, "my proposition does not assume that any man here will begin by relinquishing control of his own particular branch of the International Transportation company; sugar, beef, iron, steel, oil and the other commodities will all be under their present handling; but each branch will so support and benefit the

other that the position of the consolidation itself will be impregnable against competition or the assaults of government. The advantages of control, collection and distribution, are so vast that they far outweigh any possible question of personal aggrandizement."

"Don't hedge, Allison," barked Arthur Grandin. "You expressed it right in the first place. You're putting it up to us to step out of the local championship class, and contend for the big belt."

"The prize isn't big enough," pronounced W. T. Chisholm, as if he had decided for them all. As befitted his calling, he was slower minded than the rest. There are few quick turns in banking.

"Not big enough?" repeated Allison. "Not big enough, when the Union Fuel company already supplies every candle which goes into the Sudan, runs the pumps on the Nile and the motor boats on the Yang-Tze-Kyang, supplies the oil for the lubrication of the car of Juggernaut, and works the propeller of every airplane? Not big enough, when already the organizations represented here have driven their industries into every quarter of the earth? What shall you say when we join to our nucleus the great steamship lines and the foreign railroads? Not big enough? Gentlemen, look here!" He strode over to the big globe. From New York to San Francisco a red line had already been traced. Now he took a pencil in his hand, and placing the point at New York, gave the globe a whirl, girdling it completely. "Gentlemen, there is your empire!"

Again the nasal voice of old Joseph G. Clark drawled into the silence. "I suggest that we discuss in detail the conditions of the consolidation," he remarked. The bell of Allison's house phone rang.

"Mr. Dalrymple, sir," said the voice of Ephraim.

"Very well," replied Allison. "Show him into the study. Babbitt, will you read to the gentlemen this skeleton plan of organization? If you'll excuse me, I'll be back in five minutes."

"Dalrymple?" inquired Taylor.

"Yes," answered Allison abstractedly, and went into the study. He and Dalrymple looked at each other silently for a moment, with the old enmity shining between them. Dalrymple, a man five years Allison's senior, a brisk speaking man with a protruding jaw and deep-set gray eyes, had done more than any other one man being to develop the transportation systems of New York, but his gift had been in construction, in creation, whereas Allison's had been in combination; and Dalrymple had gone into the railroad business.

"Dalrymple, I'm going to give you a chance," said Allison briskly. "I want the Gulf & Great Lakes Railroad system."

Dalrymple had produced a cigar while he waited for Allison, and now he lit it. He sat on the corner of the study table and surveyed Allison critically.

"I don't doubt it," he replied. "The system is almost completed."

"I'll accept a fair offer for your controlling interest," went on Allison.

"And if I won't sell?"

"Then I'll jump on you tomorrow in the stock exchange, and take it away from you."

Dalrymple smiled. "You can't do it. I own my controlling interest outright, and no stock gamblings on the board of trade can



"I'll Jump on You Tomorrow in the Stock Exchange."

affect either a share of my stock or the earning capacity of my railroad. When you drove me out of the traction field, I took advantage of my experience and entrenched myself. Go on and gamble."

"I wish you wouldn't take that attitude," returned Allison, troubled. "It looks to you as if I were pursuing you because of that old quarrel; but I want you to know that I'm not vindictive."

"I don't think you are," replied Dalrymple, with infinite contempt. "You're just a damned hog."

A hot flush swept over Allison's face, but it was gone in an instant.

"It happens that I need the new Gulf & Great Lakes system," he went on, in a perfectly level voice; "and I prefer to buy it from you at a fair price." Dalrymple put on his hat. "It isn't for sale," he stated. "Just a minute, Dalrymple,"

posed Allison. "I want to show you something. Look in here," and he opened the library door.

Dalrymple stepped to the opening and saw, not merely seven men, middle-aged and past, sitting around a library table, but practically all the freightable necessities of the United States and practically all its money, a power against which his many million dollar railroad system was of no more opposition than a toy train.

"The transportation department to be governed by a council composed of the representatives of the various other departments herein mentioned," droned on the voice of Babbitt.

The representatives of the various other departments therein mentioned were bent in concentrated attention on every sentence, and phrase, and word, and syllable of that important document, not omitting to pay important attention to the pauses which answered for commas; and none looked up. Dalrymple closed the door gently.

"Now will you sell?" inquired Allison.

For a moment the two men looked into each other's eyes, while the old enmity, begun while they were still in the womb of time, lay chill between them. At one instant, Dalrymple, whose jaw muscles were working convulsively, half raised his hands, as if he were minded to fall on Allison and strangle him; and it was not the fact that Allison was probably the stronger man which restrained him, but a bigger pride.

"No," he said, again with that infinite contempt in his tone. "Break me."

"All right," accepted Allison cheerfully, and even with relief; for his way was now free to pursue its normal course. He crossed to the door which opened into the hall, and politely bowed Dalrymple into the guidance of old Ephraim.

"Dalrymple won't sell," he reported, when he rejoined his fellow members of the International Transportation company.

Joseph G. Clark looked up from a set of jotted memoranda which he had been nonchalantly setting down during the reading.

"We'll pick it up in the stock market," he carelessly suggested.

"Can't," replied Allison, with equal carelessness. "He's entrenched with solid control, and I imagine he doesn't owe a dollar."

Chisholm, with his fingers in his white mutton chops, was studying clean-shaven old Clark's memoranda.

"A panic will be necessary, anyhow," he observed. "We'll acquire the road then."

### CHAPTER XI.

#### Gall Solves the Vedder Court Problem.

Rev. Smith Boyd, rector of the richest church in the world, dropped his last collar button on the floor, and looked distinctly annoyed. The collar button rolled under his mahogany highboy, and concealed itself carefully behind one of the legs. Rev. Smith Boyd, there being none to see, laid aside his high dignity, and got down on his knees, though not for any clerical purpose, whereat the little collar button shone so brightly that the rector's bulging eye caught the glint of it. His hand swung round, at the end of a long arm, and captured it before it could hide any further, then the young rector withdrew his throbbing head and started to raise up, and bumped the back of his head with a crack on the bottom of an open drawer, near enough to the top to give him a good long sweep for momentum. This mishap being just one degree beyond the point to which Rev. Smith Boyd had been consecrated, he ejaculated as follows:

No, it is not respectful, nor proper, nor charitable, to set down what Rev. Smith Boyd, in that stress, ejaculated; but a beautiful, gray-haired lady, beautiful with the sweetness of content and the happiness of gratified pride and the kindness of humor, who had paused at Rev. Smith Boyd's open door to inquire how soon he would be down to dinner, hastily covered her mouth with her hand, and moved away from the door, with moist blue eyes, around which twinkled a dozen tiny wrinkles born of much smiling.

When the dignified young rector came down to dinner, fully clothed and apparently in his right mind, his mother, who was the beautiful gray-haired lady with the twinkling blue eyes, looked across the table and smiled indulgently at his disfigure; for he was not a grown-up, tall, broad-shouldered man of thirty-two at all. In reality he was a shock-headed, slightly freckled urchin of nine or ten, by the name of "Smitty" on the town commons, and "Tod" at home.

"Aren't you becoming a trifle irritable of late, Tod?" she inquired with solicitude, wisely suppressing a smile which flashed up in her as she remembered that ejaculation. It was shocking in a minister, of course, but she had ever contended that ministers were, and should be, made of clay; and clay is friable.

"Yes, mother, I believe I am," confessed Rev. Smith Boyd, considering the matter with serious impartiality. Mrs. Boyd surveyed her son with a practiced eye.

"I think your appetite's dropping off a little," she commented, and then she was shrewdly silent, though the twinkles of humor came back to her eyes by and by. "I don't think you take enough social diversion," she finally advised him. "You should go out more. You should ride, walk, but always in the company of young and agreeable people. Because you are a rector is no reason for you to spend your spare time in gloomy solitude, as you have been doing for the past week."

Rev. Smith Boyd would have liked to state that he had been very busy, but he had a conscience, which was a nuisance to him. He had spent most of his spare time up in his study, with his chin in his hand.

"You are quite right, mother," he somberly confessed, and swallowed two spoonfuls of his soup. It was excellent soup, but, after taking a bite of a wafer, he laid his spoon on the edge of the plate.

"I think I'll drive you out of the house, Tod," Mrs. Boyd decided, in the same tones she had used to employ when she had sent him to bed. "I think I'll send you over to Sargent's tonight, to sing with Gall."

The rector of the richest church in the world flushed a trifle, and looked



He Laid Aside His Dignity and Got Down on His Hands and Knees.

at the barley in the bottom of his soup. His mother regarded him quietly, and the twinkles went out of her eyes. She had been bound to get at the bottom of his irritability, and now she had arrived at it.

"I would prefer not to go," he told her stiffly, and the eyes which he lifted to her were coldly green. "I do not approve of Miss Sargent."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### GARDENER'S LOVE OF SOIL

Every Agriculturist Worthy the Name Considers Its Welfare as Identical With His Own.

Every real gardener and true countryman loves the soil; the smell of it when turned over in the sun, the feel of it under foot, its welfare is his own; he loves to patch up the thin places, blast out rocks, deepen and enrich it. The soil is our priceless heritage from geologic time; it is the insoluble residue from the crumbling of the rock; on its maintenance depends the prosperity of the race of man.

And how we have misused and neglected our soil! The earth has been plowed down the hill against the fences where it is allowed to grow brush, leaving the hillsides and ridges bare; it has been washed away and let choke up the rivers and harbors with the finest and fattest of its substance; it has been burned over and its fertility wasted in many other ways.

My father (John Burroughs), like the true countryman that he is, always loved, indeed almost worshipped, the soil. He has had more real fun and satisfaction in late years in improving pieces of land than in anything else. Last summer he found huge delight in clearing up a stony, broken pasture, blowing out the rocks and building a fence with them, leveling off the ground and getting it ready for the plow, saying:

"Fifty years and more ago my father wanted to clear this field and make a meadow of it; now I am able to do it—what a fine, deep soil it has!"

He would pick up a handful and rub it between his fingers or thrust the crowbar down into it to show the depth. Not to clear away any more forest, but to build up and improve some of the land already cleared, that is truly an occupation worthy of any man.—John Burroughs in the Craftsman.

There Was a Difference. In the lobby of a hotel they were speaking about speed fends, and Congressman Wyatt Aiken of South Carolina recalled a story about Jones.

One afternoon Jones was rambling along the boulevard when he ran across friend Smith. Handshake and then some talk, which included the war, the weather and automobiles.

"By the way," said Friend Smith recollectively. "I hear that you have been buying a machine."

"Yes," proudly admitted Jones. "I brought her home about two weeks ago."

"Some speed, of course," returned friend Smith. "How fast can the machine go?"

"Well," answered Jones with a smile that was half sad, "it depends altogether on who is timing it, myself or a country constable."

History and Men. For, as I take it, universal history, the history of what man has accomplished in this world, is at bottom the history of the great men who have worked here.—Carlyle.

Optimistic Thought. Through difficulties we obtain free dom.

## GIRL WINS LAND BY GREAT RIDE

Beats Men in Famous Race for Homes at Oklahoma Opening.

### RECALLED BY FESTIVAL

Twenty-Second Birthday of Town of Jennings Brings Back to Memory of Old Timers Thrilling Story of Early Days.

Jennings, Okla.—Not for Al Jennings of "Beating Back" fame, but for Joe Jennings, an early day character in this section of the Southwest, cowboy, horse trader and general roustabout, was the town of Jennings named, according to Col. George McElroy, the last of the cowboys still in the business in this part of Oklahoma.

The original townsite of forty acres was given by Joe Jennings upon receiving a promise that the town would be given his name, McElroy says.

The Pawnee Indian country, including the old Oklahoma triangle, in the center of which is Jennings, was opened to settlement along with the old Cherokee strip in September, 1893, just twenty-two years ago. A number of the towns within the strip have just been celebrating the event of their twenty-second birthday with appropriate ceremonies.

The strip extended westward from the western boundary of the Cherokee nation, about thirty miles east of Jennings, to the Colorado and New Mexico border, including at one time, it is said, the famous No Man's Land, which is now divided into the counties of Cimarron, Texas, and Beaver.

Chose Daughter for Race. The story of how Jennings was homesteaded and named is interesting, therefore, at this time, when the twenty-second birthday of the town has just been observed.

Joe Jennings had been a resident of this part of the Indian country for some time, according to Colonel McElroy, and had raised a family here,



Made the Race for a Quarter Section.

including a half grown daughter, then perhaps sixteen or seventeen years old. She was the typical country-raised girl of the border day period, able to ride, shoot, hunt and throw a lasso.

Jennings conceived the idea, when announcement of the strip's opening reached him, that this half grown daughter should make the race for a quarter section of land, which the family would homestead.

The race for homes when the Cherokee strip was opened to settlement will go down in the history of the Southwest as the greatest horse race that was ever pulled off under the sanction of the federal government.

Few Knew She Was a Girl.

There were several thousand choice quarter section farms as the prizes, and men came from all sections of the United States to make the race and win a claim if possible. The swiftest and most seasoned horses were selected wherever they were obtainable, for all the riders knew that by the men and animals with the best staying qualities would the farms be won.

Among the riders into the Pawnee country was the half grown Jennings girl, and she proved her ability as a horsewoman.

Dressed in men's clothing, with high-heeled boots and spurs, she entered the race and won a claim, a tract of valley land lying between two long ranges of low hills, one of the prettiest natural spots in the entire strip country.

Having won the claim, the family evidently did not care for it, for before long three-fourths of it had been sold to John Simmons and the other 40 acres had been given for a town site on condition that the new town be named Jennings. The family then left this section of the country, and in later years it was reported that Joe Jennings was living in Old Mexico.

Baby With Two Heads Soon Died. Camden, N. J.—A baby girl, weighing 18 pounds and having three perfectly formed arms, two heads and four legs, was born to Mrs. Dransky Zaneski of this city. It died within a few hours.



## BEING INOCULATED AGAINST TYPHUS



The Austrian army is up to date in methods adopted to prevent disease. Surgeons are here seen inoculating soldiers against typhus, which has been epidemic in Serbia and parts of Austria.

## SHELLED FROM SKY

German Doctor Gives Vivid Description of Air Raid.

One Feels Just as Defenseless Against an Attack by Aeroplanes as Against the Power of a Thunderstorm.

Berlin.—The Vossische Zeitung contains a vivid account of an air raid by a French squadron of aeroplanes from the pen of a German doctor, who says:

"I was at work in my room (in the top floor of a hotel) when I suddenly heard the sound of firing, which gradually came nearer and nearer. Ha! Ha! That's an enemy aviator getting near, and he's getting a greeting from our antiaircraft guns, but the short, sharp shots became more and more frequent and followed more closely one upon the other. And now, tack—tack—tack, the machine guns join in. Whatever is up?

"I go to the window which, being on the top story, gives me a view of a good stretch of sky. True enough, there's the beggar already in sight. He hovers at a great height, amid a regular collection of white shrapnel clouds. But what's this now? Here comes a second, and a third. Yes, and a fourth and a fifth. More come up from the side, more and more. There's a whole squadron over the town. I count, fourteen, sixteen, twenty—in a hurried column they come flying up with regular intervals between the machines, with an advance guard and flank guards. Is it to be a regular attack? Come down below, blares a trumpet. It's the signal for everybody to clear out of the streets and take 'aviation cover.'

"The trumpet signal becomes more imperative. In a twinkling the streets are clear, and it is high time, for already there is a rattling on roofs and pavements. Shrapnel bullets are coming down. And now—and I shall never forget it—a fearful, horrible crash, or rather roar, like the roar of an animal. Those fellows in the air have dropped their first bomb. I begin to think that my room immediately under the roof is not altogether a suitable place in such circumstances. On the stairs I meet others of the same opinion. They are officers who had come from the front and had just lain down for a long, unaccustomed but well-earned sleep, and were cursing freely at this inconsiderate disturbance. As we go down the stairs the beast roars a second time. The next bomb had fallen. Then we hear, in the voice of command: 'Take aviation cover.' The group breaks up. I stand for a moment irresolute. I don't know the ground. Then a young captain laughingly takes my arm, saying: 'Come with me, doctor; it's no very long wait till a thing like that falls on your head.'

"And so we go down a narrow staircase leading into a little corner of the cellar under the house which, as I now find, is built on a very ancient foundation of extensive vaults. Under a massive stone arch we have a comfortable room, the captain who took my arm, a first lieutenant, a staff surgeon, two landsturm men, a college professor and myself. There is even an electric light.

"The racket and din outside gets worse and worse. Clearly we can perceive that the hideous row comes nearer and nearer. And now it is quite close. Then a fearful bang and roar. There must have been an explosion quite close to me. The house and even the massive cellar arches tremble. It is just as in a wild thunderstorm, when the thunder follows close at the lightning's heels one feels certain 'that struck something quite close,' and one feels just as defenseless against such an aviation attack as one is against the power of a thunderstorm.

"Bang! This time still wilder and nearer. Through the crannies of the cellar there drifts in from the street a thick mist. At first one can't tell whether it is smoke or dust. If it is smoke from a conflagration close by, the position is not exactly a pleasant one. The problem becomes more problematical owing to the electric light going out. The wire must have been hit. But as we

breathe the mist in we find it has a horrible but not smoky taste.

"Bang! Bang! Worse and worse come the roars around us in our heroes' cellar. We think the next minute the hotel itself will be struck, and then how are we going to get out of our subterranean wigwag? But gradually the din becomes less. The fellows have evidently gone. Quickly up and out, in the hope of still seeing something. Yes, there they are, over the railway station, which is some distance off."

The doctor then proceeds to describe some of the damage done. The houses on both sides of his hotel had been struck by bombs. In one the whole interior was wrecked, and it was from here, he says, that that strange mist came. Five of the occupants had been killed on the spot. The market presented a horrible spectacle, a number of horses, which there had been no time to remove, having been blown to pieces.

## TO MARK GRAVE OF POE



In almost every walk of life, from those high up in the councils of the government to the very lowest laborer who earns his living by the sweat of the brow, the stories by Edgar Allan Poe have thrilled the hearts of countless readers. Great as this American author has become since his death, his remains lie in an obscure little cemetery on Fayette street in the city of Baltimore, Md.

Virginia Pearson, an actress of prominence, has taken upon herself the organization of a campaign to raise a fund of \$10,000 with which to erect a fitting memorial over the almost neglected grave of the great author.

Miss Pearson finds time from the arduous duties of her profession to study the lives and habits of the various animals of the zoo, and very often she can be found, as the camera man found her here, with the elephants in Central Park, N. Y., on the most intimate terms with the four-footed inmates.

## Had Many Books.

Elkhart, Ind.—A. H. Brown, administrator of the estate of Jonathan Dustman, who lived here as a recluse forty years under the alias John Gordon, found that Dustman's collection of books aggregated 4,000, of which only 500 are regarded of market value, the remainder being antiquated text books or pamphlets and other paper-bound books.

## TRICKED BY A RUSE

British Cruiser, Masked, Sinks German Submarine.

Superstructure of Supposed Merchantman Collapses, Revealing Big Gun by Which Submarine is Sent to the Bottom.

New York.—The latest ruse adopted by the British navy to sweep the seas of the German submarines was related by Mr. Frank F. Boulton, who was a passenger on board the Noordam of the Holland-American line. Mr. Boulton received his information from Captain Anderson of the Norwegian steamship Vitalla, who asserted that he witnessed the destruction of a U-boat by a British cruiser.

According to the Norwegian captain, Mr. Boulton said, several of the British light cruisers have been disguised as merchantmen, with false funnels and superstructure.

The Vitalla was in the channel when she saw a merchant vessel, flying the British flag, stopped a short distance from her by a submarine. The submarine, awash, ran close to the British vessel, and her conning tower opened. The German hailed the merchantman, when through their glasses the Vitalla's captain saw the superstructure of the British vessel suddenly collapse, revealing a large gun. The next instant the gun was fired, blowing the submarine's conning tower away, and the U-boat sank in a swirl of frothing water. The commander of the submarine and one other man were saved by the English vessel, the Norwegian captain said.

Mr. Boulton while in Holland found out two clever schemes of the Germans to smuggle contraband of war through Dutch territory, he said. German agents in Holland had gathered large quantities of copper, which was molded into the shape of anchors. German barges and other light craft coming down the Rhine to Dutch ports would leave their iron anchors, replacing them with the copper imitations, painted black. The false anchors, hung in full view on the cat heads of the German boats, would be taken back on the return trip. This ruse was discovered by the British agents in Holland and reported to the Dutch authorities, who now inspect every anchor on German vessels.

For obtaining benzine and gasoline the Germans had another trick. A Dutch railroad inspector, inspecting a trainload of cement building blocks bound for Germany, accidentally tapped one of the bricks with a hammer. The block cracked and benzine gushed out. The blocks were hollow and each one was filled with the precious liquid. This practice has, of course, been stopped.

Passengers on board the Noordam had the war brought close to them from the moment the vessel left Rotterdam until she had put the British coast far astern. The Noordam was surveyed by German submarines off the coast of Holland, was boarded by British officers while at Deal, when seven of her passengers, said to be Austrians, were arrested and taken ashore, and was held up four days in the Downs before she was allowed to proceed.

The Noordam carried 31 first and 139 second cabin passengers and 185 persons in her steerage.

## SAYS GUESSES "DON'T GO"

Portland (Ore.) Judge insists on More Evidence in Divorce Case in His Court.

Portland, Ore.—"They are not going to make a Reno, Nev., out of my court," Judge McGinn assured Glenn M. Wambold, a physician, when Wambold's suit for divorce came up before him.

Wambold testified that he was married in Pennsylvania in 1903. He said he left town in 1909 to start a chicken ranch, and when he got back Mrs. Wambold was gone.

"Did she leave with another man?" was asked.

"I guess so," said Wambold. "Guesses don't go here," said the judge.

"You'll have to have more evidence before you will get a divorce here."

## MONEY MADE A DIFFERENCE

Man Sent to Jail for Larceny Can Now Have Best of Lawyers to Defend Him.

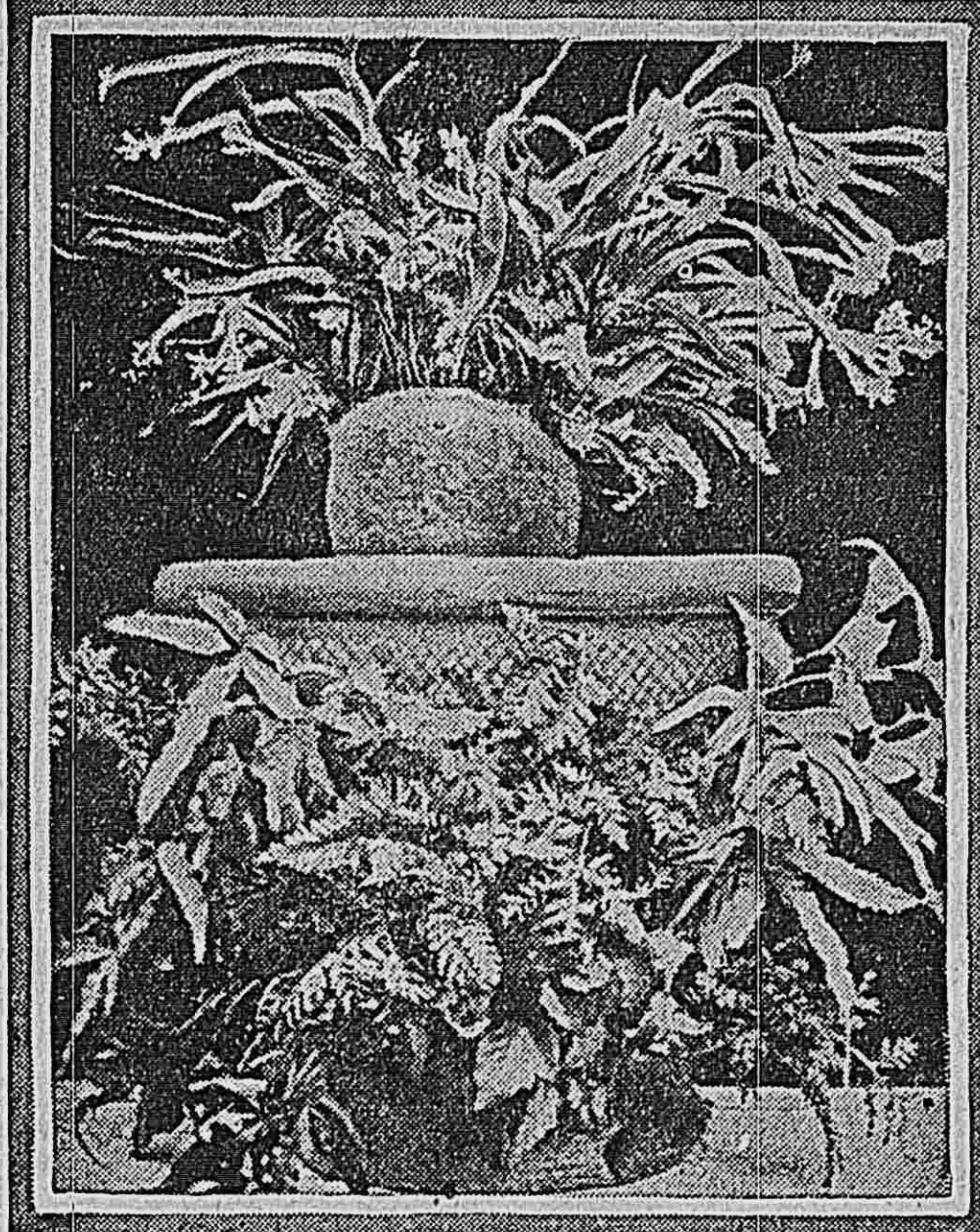
Sapulpa, Okla.—Luther Huff, who is now serving 20 days' sentence in the Creek county jail for larceny, has received word that a bachelor uncle, named Gilmore, in Broad City, N. M., has died and left him a ranch and herd of cattle, valued at \$31,000.

When Huff was tried a lawyer had to be appointed to defend him, but now lawyers are flocking to volunteer their services to get him out of jail.

Huff's wife, who left him when he went to jail, is ready to live with him again, and he is already drawing up a paper to put money in trust for his son's education.

## Undertaker's Note.

Walla Walla, Wash.—Sacred music at funeral services, played on a phonograph, for those who are unable to afford more expensive music, is the latest innovation of the undertakers. One of the machines, with a program of records, was purchased by the Hon. Messy Bros. and will be used from now on whenever the opportunity offers.

The HOME BEAUTIFUL  
Flowers and Shrubbery  
Their Care and Cultivation

An Artistic Arrangement.

## TABLE DECORATIONS

By EBEN E. REXFORD.

I fancy some readers saying we cannot all have flowers for the table. Greenhouses are not to be found in every little village. Even if they were, many of us could not afford to purchase from them except on very extra occasions.

True, but why not grow your own plants? Then you will be indeed independent of the florist to a considerable extent.

Most women have plants in the windows, but the majority are not adapted to table use.

The table plant for this purpose, all things considered, is the asparagus plumosus. It has foliage much daintier than that of any fern.

It can easily be made to grow in the bushy compact form which a plant designed for use on the table should have.

This is done by pinching off the ends of the young fronds when they have made a growth of 12 or 18 inches. This causes the lower side branches to spread out broadly and breadth is secured where there would be little if the plant were allowed to train itself.

Such a plant is very attractive in itself with its silvery green foliage, comparable only to lace, or mist, in its delicacy.

But whenever additional brightness is desired a few long-stemmed flowers thrust in among its fronds will furnish it in a most delightful manner. Roses, carnations, narcissus, astilbe, stevia all these and many more can be used with it with most charming effect.

Have three or four plants of it and you will have but little use for the florist. They will be quite as attractive in the window as any other plants that can be grown there, therefore they will serve a double purpose.

Give this asparagus a soil of garden loam made light with sand. Water moderately. Sunshine is not necessary to its successful culture.

Shower several times a week and keep red spiders from injuring it. Be

sure to nip off the end of each shoot, as advised above, to make the plant spread out well.

Many plants can be secured of the florists and these can be divided next season. One good sized plant can be made to serve as half a dozen small plants in the spring, each one of which will become quite large enough for the table use by fall.

A combination of ferns can be easily grown for use on the table. The broad-leaved peris, the fine-leaved adiantums go well together.

The grace of these plants is adapted to the table where quality is considered as more important than quantity.

A combination of ferns of different varieties with plants having pretty foliage in color is beautiful. In this case peperomia and tradescantia are used to supply the desired effect.

Fern pans filled with small plants of varieties best calculated to give successful results in the living room, can be bought of nearly all the florists. One should not depend upon a single specimen. Have two, three or more to admit of frequent change.

Few plants can be kept on the table day after day without becoming unhealthy. Have several and allow none of them to do decorative duty for longer than a day or two at a time.

At holiday time there will be attractive plants on the market and some of these are admirably adapted to table use.

There is the Jerusalem cherry, a miniature bearing scarlet fruit, and the ardisia, a plant with rich, dark foliage against which its dark red berries show to most pleasing effect.

Small plants of araucaria are not pretty but are so peculiar in habit that they always attract attention and challenge admiration.

A plant of poinsettia with its scarlet flowering will make the table radiant with its wealth of color.

Pots of Roman hyacinth are charming adjuncts of the breakfast table, as are lilacs of the valley or narcissus. These will last for a long time if they are removed to the window as soon as the meal is over.



Effective Plants for the Table.

TRUSTFUL MAN SEES  
A GENT WITH FITS

Stranger Puts Trustful One's \$63 in Sick Man's Wallet to Show They're Honest.

Chicago.—Joseph R. Posledsky's esteem for his casual stranger companion kept rising as they strolled east on Blue Island avenue. For instance, his kindly courtesy to the wretched sick man, who now speaks:

"Good sir, I am an epileptic, and I want to get a car at Halsted street. Will you help me?"

"Yes sir," and the poor fellow offered to throw a few samples in his line right there on the curb. He was eager to do it. But Mr. Posledsky and his companion restrained him. The stranger said that he could not bear



Offered to Show a Few Samples.

to let the epileptic find his way alone to the cars.

"But how," whined the fitful gent, "how am I to know you're honest? I carry a large sum of money."

"We'll put our money in your wallet, won't we, Posledsky?" said the genial stranger as one humors a defective. "Then you'll be safe."

Mr. Posledsky's \$63 was accordingly transferred. At the car junction the epileptic returned Mr. Posledsky's wallet.

Space is tight, and it is scarcely worth while to relate what the trustful Mr. Posledsky found on opening his wallet, when he reached home at 2215 Sawyer avenue.

## TRIBE OF HEAD BOILERS

University of Pennsylvania Expedition Discovers Mundurucu Indians' Home.

Philadelphia, Pa.—The University of Pennsylvania's museum's Amazon expedition has forwarded an account of its discovery of the original habitat of the Mundurucu Indians, a little-known tribe of savages who behead their enemies and then boil the heads.

Dr. William C. Farabee is in charge of the expedition, which, after wandering for months in Brazilian wilds where white men never before had penetrated, is now in civilization again, for a time.

Doctor Farabee passed a long time among the savages, studying their language, their manners and customs, and making a vocabulary and writing down much of their folk lore. As a result he expects to settle absolutely the long-voiced question of the relations of this tribe to the Tupi.

## GROWS IN SHAPE OF CROSS

Peculiar Plant in a Michigan Library Is Exciting Much Curiosity.

Marquette, Mich.—In the public library building, in this city, is a plant which is growing in the shape of a cross. Three years ago Peter Dolf, the custodian, had some clover growing in a pot.

Out of this clover sprang the stalk of a strange plant which grew upright until this summer, when two shoots branched out near the top at right angles with the stalk and formed a cross.

Mr. Dolf has had amateur botanists and experts from the Northern State Normal school examine the plant, but nobody knows what it is. He does not remember planting anything but clover in the pot.

## SNAKES IN SCHOOL LOCKER

Scare Girls, Who Now Pick Steps Because Some of the Reptiles Escaped.

La Crosse, Wis.—Normal school maidens are walking circumspectly since the discovery of a nest of so-called water moccasins, deposited in a locker by a reptilian mother evidently anxious to obtain education for her family.

There was real excitement when the nest of small reptiles was discovered. With the opening of the locker the snakes darted about the floor and scrambled. Some of the girls, but not deaths, but into holes of safety section.



## RURAL NEWS ITEMS

## LAKE VILLA

Geo. Mitchell spent a day or so last week with his parents in Chicago.

The village is extending the sewer system into the Wilton sub-division.

Mrs. Baker of Chicago spent Thanksgiving with J. K. Cribb and family.

A barrel of clothing was sent to the Lake Bluff orphanage early this week.

The Ladies Aid society met Wednesday with its president, Mrs. D. R. Manzer.

Mrs. Wm. Wilmington of Round Lake visited her daughter, Mrs. Lee Sherwood Monday.

Will Sebor's little girls are having a light form of scarlet fever and the family are quarantined.

The school house was thoroughly fumigated last Thursday on account of the scarlet fever scare.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mitchell and Miss Kathryn spent last Thursday in the city with the Roy Demison family.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Douglas and two daughters of Waukegan and Albert Douglas and family spent Thanksgiving with I. M. Douglass and wife.

A number of the old time friends of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Nelson gathered at their home here on Saturday evening for a good social time before they moved to Waukegan, which they expect to do this week.

David VanPatten, an old and respected citizen of our village passed away at his home here early Sunday morning after an illness of about three weeks since he has been confined to his bed. He leaves to mourn his loss, his wife, Mrs. Ruth VanPatten, his daughter, Mrs. M. White, besides other relatives and friends. The funeral was held on Wednesday at Antioch, with burial at Mill creek cemetery.

## HICKORY

Mrs. Pickles and Edith spent Thanksgiving at Pikeville.

Dorothy Fletcher spent over Thanksgiving at Columbia, Wis.

S. W. Ames and wife spent Thanksgiving at the Frank McCarthy home.

A. T. Savage and family and Ed Wells and family spent Thanksgiving at Antioch.

Alfred Pedersen and wife entertained the Griffin and Pedersen families for Thanksgiving.

Webb Edwards of River Forest spent the latter part of last week with his grandparents here.

Viola Griswold of DeKalb and Christina Griswold of Zion spent Thanksgiving with home folks.

David Pollen entertained Tom Frazier and family, Thomas Petersen and family and O. L. Hollenbeck and family for Thanksgiving.

## MILLBURN

Mr. and Mrs. Mickelson moved Monday to Round Lake.

A. E. Bain, wife and daughter spent Nov. 25, at Frank Cremins.

Mr. Roberts of Chicago spent Thursday with Mrs. Jane Jamieson.

A. K. Bain and wife and Jack Cory spent the past week in Chicago.

John Buse, wife and son spent several days recently with Mrs. Geo. Jamieson.

Mrs. A. W. Safford spent Thanksgiving with her daughter, Miss Helen at Morrisonville, Ill.

John Bonner and children and their families spent Thanksgiving with Mrs. Laura Corris at Russell.

Mrs. Josephine Mathews left Tuesday for Omaha, Nebraska, where she will spend the winter with relatives.

The entertainment held Nov. 25, was very good, but on account of the bad weather there was not a very good crowd.

Mrs. Geo. Martin gave a miscellaneous shower at her home in honor of Miss Myrtle Martin. Miss Martin was the recipient of a great many gifts.

Miss Myrtle Martin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Martin and Joseph E. Horton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Horton were married Wednesday, Dec. 1.

Miss Anna Wolz and Mr. Walter Oberst were married Nov. 25, at the Antioch Catholic church on their return a dinner was served to 25 guests at the home of the brides parents at Millburn, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Oberst will make their home in Danville, Ill. Congratulations.

Optimistic Thought.  
With a fortunate  
fortunate.

## WILMOT

Geo. Higgins was in Kenosha on business Friday.

Mrs. Motley is visiting her daughter at Sharon, Wis.

Jim Buckley and wife spent Thanksgiving in Chicago.

Fred Schreck and family motored to Libertyville Thursday.

Misses Edith and Eva Darby spent the holiday with their parents.

Fred. Hanneman returned to White-water Sunday from his vacation.

On account of the weather the movies were postponed Sunday evening.

A number from here attended the dance at Trevor Thursday evening.

Walter Carey entertained company from McHenry Thanksgiving day.

Miss Faber entertained a lady friend from Madison the last of the week.

Mrs. Clair Dixon of Silverlake spent the past week with relatives at Channel.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Reynolds and Mrs. Kinrade spent Thursday in Burlington.

Mr. Bufton and family were Sunday guests at the Roy Bufton home at Silverlake.

Chas. Dean and lady friend of Silverlake spent Thursday at the home of Geo. Dean.

Miss Bessie Murphy of Whitewater, spent the week-end with Prof. Smith and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Mickle, Mrs. Loftus, Miss Daisy and Miss Kennedy enjoyed an auto trip to Kenosha Saturday.

The social that was held at the M. E. church Friday evening was well attended considering the weather.

## TREVOR

Mr. Mickle was a Chicago passenger Monday.

Geo. Higgins and wife autoed to Kenosha Friday.

Miss Dorothy Taylor spent Friday evening in Silverlake.

Gertrude Drom of Fox River called on friends here Friday.

Mrs. Elizabeth Yopp spent Tuesday with Antioch relatives.

Geo. Patrick and son Byron autoed to Burlington Wednesday.

Arthur Baethke of Chicago spent Thanksgiving with home folks.

Jos. Smith and wife spent Friday and Saturday with Kenosha friends.

Mrs. Harry Lubeno entertained a sister from Chicago Thanksgiving.

Anna Holcher has accepted a position as teacher in a school at Somers.

Miss Daisy Mickle of Whitewater spent Thanksgiving with home folks.

Louis Scherf of Withee, Wis., spent Monday and Tuesday with the Patrick families.

Mrs. Mary Barhyte has gone to Fond du Lac, to spend the winter with her son, John.

Misses Mary and Eliza Fleming are visiting Father Heller and sister at Fond du Lac.

Will Kruckman and wife of Burlington and Mrs. Hiram Patrick of Randall called on the Patrick families Thanksgiving.

## RUSSELL

B. C. Schlosser spent Sunday at Racine.

Mr. Barts was entertained at W. B. Lunday's Sunday.

Mrs. Rockwell of Ranney visited at L. N. Askins' Monday.

Otto Mara is entertaining his father and sister from Chicago.

Mrs. Laura Corris entertained a party of relatives Thanksgiving.

Several from here attended a concert at Millburn Thursday night.

Mrs. Joe Merville will entertain the Ladies Aid society on Dec. 2nd.

Watch for the date of the fair at the Russell church to be held in December.

Dale Davis and wife are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby boy born on Wednesday, Nov. 24.

Line Drawn There.  
Joy Rider (stopped by rural constable)—"Haven't we got any rights left in this country? Doesn't the constitution guarantee us life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness?" Constable—"It don't guarantee no man the pursuit of happiness at 90 miles an hour."—Judge.

## Bringing Back Old Times.

My little daughter, one dark, rainy day, came indoors with a wet, half-stained kitten, and on remonstrating with her to take it out at once, she became indignant and said: "You don't be-member, mamma, when you was a little cold cat yourself."—Exchange.

## Seward's Optimism.

Samuel Bradford says that Seward's "splendid, energetic, triumphant, imaginative optimism" is perhaps his greatest merit and surest claim to the affection of posterity. This optimism Seward effectively summed up in one striking sentence: "The improbability of our race is unlimited."

## One-Man Jury.

A tailor who was defendant in a case tried in court seemed much cast down when brought up for trial. "What's the trouble?" whispered his counsel, observing his client's distress as he surveyed the jury. "It looks pretty bad for me," said the defendant, "unless some steps are taken to dismiss that jury and get in a new lot. There ain't a man amongst 'em but what owes me money for clothes."

The Minneapolis Journal makes a shrewd observation when it remarks that "something wrong with the steering gear" often occurs about a mile and a half on the way back from the road house.

Everyone on the Chicago board of trade got excited because the allies dropped a couple of millions of bushels of wheat they were carrying. Can't an ally get cold feet as well as anyone else?

## Right in Line.

"My ancestors, haughty little Heloise Aldyne told her nine-year-old playmate Hermione McGuire, 'came over before yours did. They came over in the first boat, the Mayflower.' 'Well, mine came over,' Hermione said stoutly, her blue Irish eyes flashing with spirit, 'in the very next boat, the Juneflower.'—Judge.

## Noticeable Resemblance.

"Isn't that a Bouguereau?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle as they stopped for a moment to look at the new pictures. "Oh, my no," replied her hostess; "it's a lion. But I told Josiah when he brought it home that it looked a good deal more like one of them things you mention."

## Not Impressed by Poem.

A lady in Idaho recently sent an editor a poem bearing the title: "Will You Miss Me, Darling?" The editor returned it to the authoress with the following words written under the title: "If he does, he should never be trusted with firearms again."—Sutherland (Ore.) Sun.

## Remembered Her Sufferings.

One day little Flora was taken to have an aching tooth removed. That night, while she was saying her prayers, her mother was surprised to hear her say: "And forgive us our debts as we forgive our dentists."—Every-body's.

## Some Men's Greatness.

The superiority of some men is merely local; they are great because their associates are little.

## Why "Mercurial."

The adjective mercurial, like many others, came into ordinary speech from the realm of astrology. In astrological language a mercurial man was one born under the influence of Mercury, when Mercury was in the ascendant, and therefore possessed of the mental qualities supposed to distinguish the heathen god.

## His Abysmal Meanness.

"I cannot understand," confessed J. Fuller Gloom, the well-known pessimist, "why every young mother in town should hate me so bitterly, merely because I hinted to one of them that I did not care to kiss her infant until it had its face washed!"—Kansas City Star.

## Baseball 4,000 Years Old.

It is now believed that Egypt is the birthplace of the original ball game. How it was played history does not record. Recent excavations made near Cairo have brought to light a number of small balls, some of leather and others of wood, dating back to at least 2,000 B. C. These are the oldest balls of this sort known.

## Look for the Good in Others.

You will find it less easy to uproot faults than to choke them by gaining virtues. Do not think of your faults; still less of others' faults; in every person who comes near you look for what is good and strong; honor that; rejoice in it; and, as you can, try to imitate it; your faults will drop off, like leaves when their time comes.—John Ruskin.

## "Buckeye."

"Buckeye" is the popular name of certain American exogenous trees and shrubs of the genus Aesculus and the family Sapindaceae. The "Ohio Buckeye" is a particular kind of buckeye, and Ohio is popularly known as "The Buckeye State." The Ohio buckeye has the botanical name of aesculus glabra; it is a large tree, with strong smelling bark, small obscure flowers, and prickly fruit containing the seed. The horse-chestnut (aesculus hippocastanum) is a near relative of the same genus.

## Philosophical Poodle.

Said the portly, patently poodle, with the pie-bald, cone-shaped noodle, "Quite likely you detect my style and breed. But to envy I'm a stranger. I'm no dog in the manger. To let others do their pleasure is my creed. I'm aware that I'm no beauty. Still, I don't think it my duty to worry over the errors of the world. I prefer calm cogitation to pester and vexation, and to lounge here with my caudle tightly furled."—Kansas City Star.

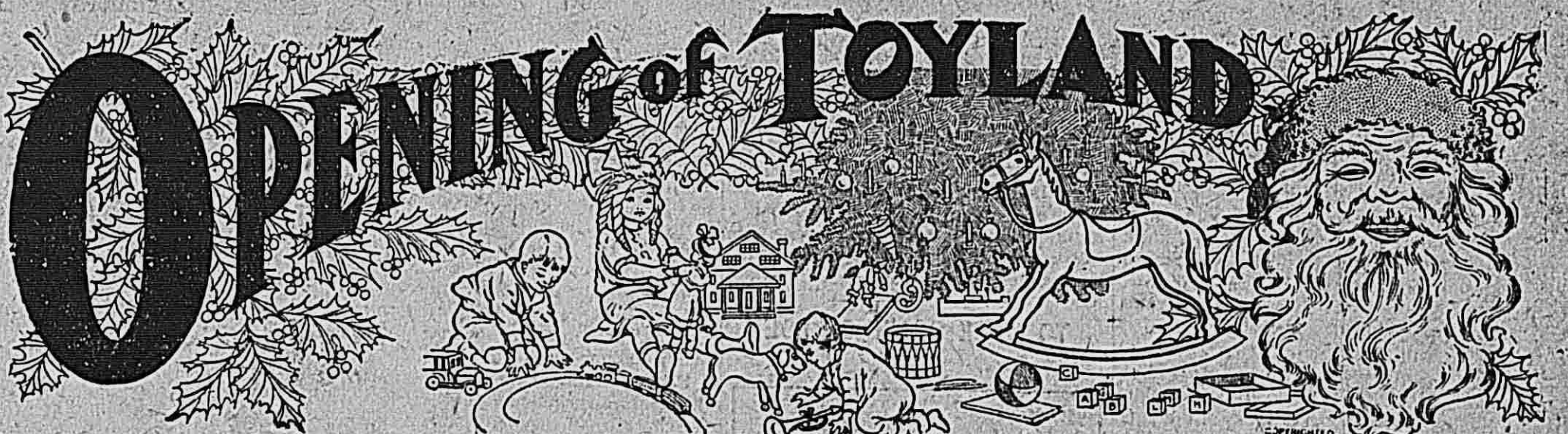
## Conscience, Not Consequence.

When you are in doubt as to the course to take, consult your conscience, not consequences. Do right, and never mind how things are going to turn out. One who steers his course so as to avoid everything unpleasant, makes a zigzag course, and may miss the harbor at last. Follow conscience, and leave consequences to God.

## Optimistic Thought.

A grateful mind is not only the greatest of virtues but the parent of all other virtues.

Beginning This Week, All Little Eyes Will Center on the



# Yes, Santa Claus Will be at His Headquarters to Greet His Little Friends Beginning This Week

## Tons of Fine New Toys

**Bigger  
Brighter  
Better**

"Hurray!"—Everything in Toyland will be alive with the Santa spirit beginning this week, for Lake County's greatest Toy section is brimful of new things that will amaze all. Toyland never had such a representation of novelties before. Never were we able to present before to shoppers the rare values now here. The prettiest things in Toyland come from over the seas. We bought them in New York—America's great toy center—when the buying was right for securing advantageous prices. Come to Toyland this week; make out your lists for the good things will not last long.

**Many  
Special  
Values**



**Special Sale Train Sets \$1.39**

Bright and new Overland 3-piece train sets with 10 pieces of track. Always sell for \$1.50

**New Bright Rolly Pollys, 10 to \$1**

**Sunny Monday Wash Sets, 48c, 95c.**  
Nothing so clever ever been shown before. A complete wash day outfit neatly boxed.

**New Soldier Sets From 24c to \$2.50**  
A season of soldier sets and we have variety beyond description—everyone a big value

**A big selection of new wagons, 25c. up to \$10**



**The Globe  
DEPARTMENT STORE**

## GAMES

Never have you seen such variety and splendid value giving



**10c. to \$10**

Positively the most complete selection of games we have seen. From as low as 10c up to \$10 we are showing you exceptional values in the famous Parker Games. No use naming them—a thousand and one kinds.



**Daisy Air Gun (500 Shot) 89c**

This is what every boy yearns for. And really there is nothing quite so unique for his boyish desires. \$1.00

**Complete Kitchen Cabinets, \$2**

**"Wood Builder" Sets, now 48c**

An inexpensive wood construction set with which any youngster can accomplish wonders

**New Inflated Rubber Ball, 25c to \$1**

The newest thing guaranteed rubber ball. Round or oval



**Tremendous  
Showing of imported  
Dolls**

This is where the best baby dolls in a new variety of character styles will be seen. Handsome and cute dolls in all sizes and at low prices. Two imported sample lines, included, and priced unusually low.

**An unbreakable Baby Doll, \$1.00 size 69c**

**Special Sale of Imported Kid Dolls, 1.69**

This is a limited offer, but we got all we could, knowing they would not last long. Handsome imported dolls of full kid jointed body. Sewed wigs; sleeping eyes; shoes and stockings; 22-inch. \$2.50 kind—at \$1.69

**Indestructible baby doll, 50c size 29c**



**Erector and American Model Building Sets**

Can a parent do a boy's craving to create more justice than to furnish him with one of these constructive builders? Surely, we know, there is benefit to be derived. A draftsman said to us the other day, "I could have learned more with set of this kind than I did in college." From \$1 to \$10

Bring the Kiddies to Toyland This Week--They Surely Will Enjoy It!